

NO.

39

TOP-NOTCH

SEPT.

10¢

# Laugh

comics

MLJ





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# POKEY

# POKEY

by Don Dean.

**L**AST MONTH POKEY ENCOUNTERED A STRANGE COUPLE STRANDED ON "MISERY LANE". AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY AND HER SMALL SON -- HE THOUGHT. AT HIS SUGGESTION, THEY ARE NOW STAYING AT HIS HOME UNTIL THEIR CAR IS PUT INTO ORDER. NOW LET'S GET GOING -----

POKEY, THE MAYOR AX ME TO DROP THESE HYAR. **WANTED SIGNS** OFF WIFF YO. HE WANTS YO SHOULD TACK THEM UP.

THANKS, LEM, AH SHO NUFF WILL -----  
**EEE-OW--**













PAPPY WILL YO KINDLY  
GIVE ME A PUFF ON YO  
PIPE - ET MIGHT STEADY  
MAH NERVES.

S-S-SHO-NUFF  
ET ALWAYS  
STEADYS MINE  
HYAR



UNNOTICED, POKEY OAKLEY TAPS THE  
PIPE'S HOT COALS INTO THE STRAW.

ETS MOS' BURN'T  
OUT RECKON AH'LL  
HAFTA RELOAD ET!



THE LIVE COALS ARE FANNED INTO  
OPEN FLAME AS POKEY BREEZES  
DOWN HILL.



WOW!  
FIRE!!

YOU G-#-G P.P.P.  
HILLYBILLY APE  
TAKE THAT!

BANG



HANG TIGHT  
EVAH ONE - WE 'UNS  
ARE HAIDED FO  
THE DRINK!



WAL, WE KETCHED  
OUR CRIMINALS ALL  
RIGHT, PAPPY AN'  
NOBODY GOT HURT  
EITHAH?

WHUT DO YO  
MEAN? WHY THIS  
IS EVAH BIT AS  
BAD AS TAKING  
A BATH!











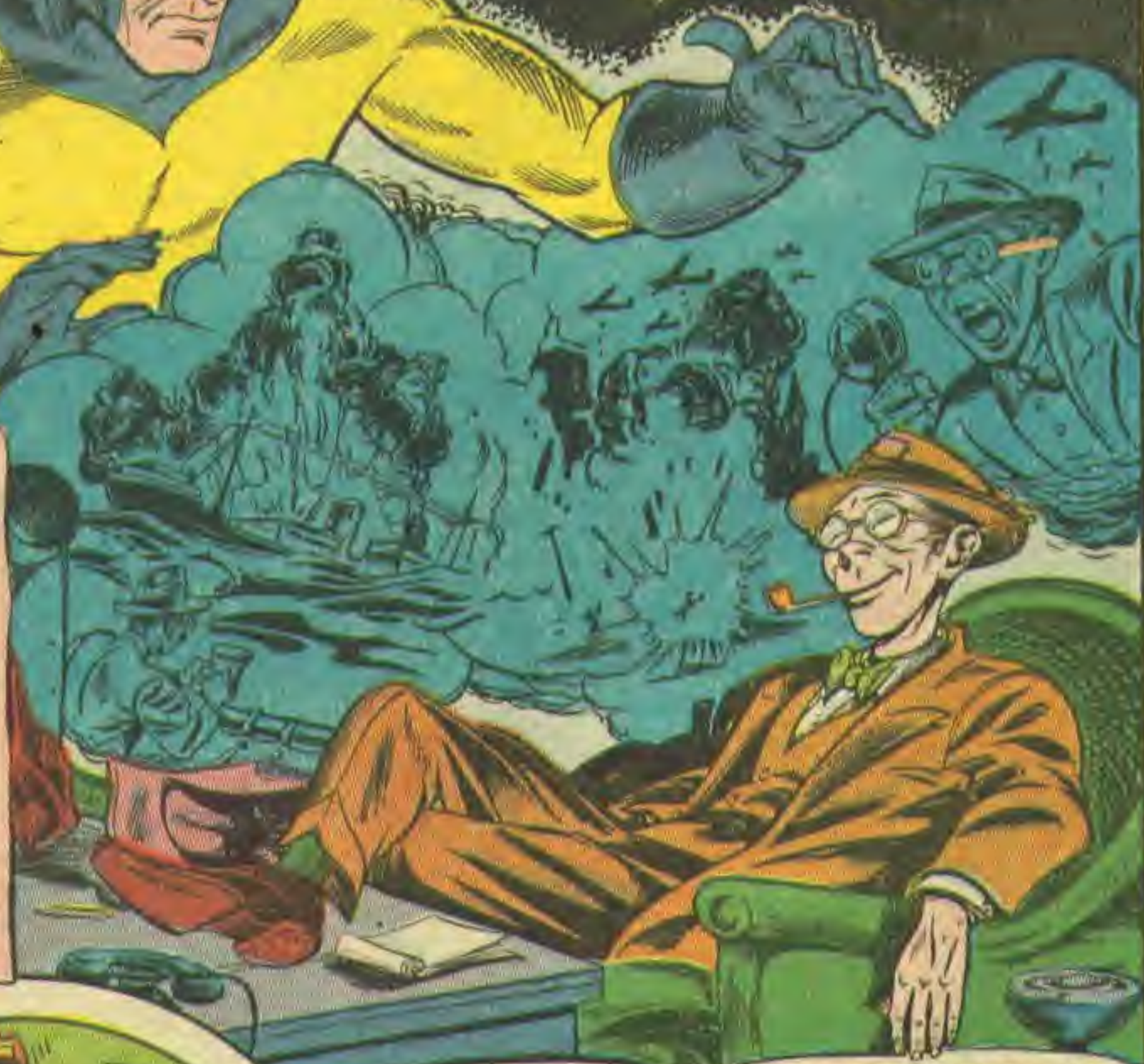


# The BLACK HOOD

MAN OF  
MYSTERY

by CLEM + ZUCCHINI

HANK WAS A CUB REPORTER AND LIKE ALL CUB REPORTERS HE DREAMED! WILD DREAMS OF JOURNALISTIC FAME! HANK WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR A SCOOP AND JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS WORK ABOVE LIFE ITSELF A STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE TALE IS BORN!



**HANK!**

YOU DAY DREAMING AGAIN! WHY AREN'T YOU TYPING UP THAT BOY-SCOUT STORY?

EDITO

LOOK HERE, BOSS, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THESE BABY JOBS! I WANT BIG STUFF, SEE?







I.. I'M  
(GULP) A  
REPORTER  
NOT A WET  
NURSE!

HMM...  
IZZAT, SO!

YOU GET  
THAT SCOUT  
STORY, YOU  
SQUIRT, OR  
YOU'LL GET  
THE CAN-  
SEE?

Y.. YES,  
SIR!



HIYA, DEMON  
REPORTER! WRITE  
THE GREAT  
AMERICAN  
NOVEL,  
YET??

WELL, WELL.. IF  
IT AIN'T OUR ACE  
REPORTER!..

HAW,  
HAW!

AND YOU SHOULDA SEEN  
THE LOOK ON HANK'S  
FACE WHEN HE WALKED  
OUTA THE CHIEF'S  
OFFICE!



HMM.. LOOKS LIKE  
HANK'S GETTING  
RIBBED AGAIN,  
BARBARA!

YES, KIP!.. AND I  
THINK IT'S  
DESPICABLE!

DON'T LET 'EM  
GET YOU DOWN,  
HANK, OLD BOY!  
EVERY CUB GET'S  
RIBBED!

SURE! YOU'VE GOT THE  
MAKINGS, HANK! YOU'LL  
GET YOUR  
SCOOP  
YET!



AND WHEN  
YOU DO,  
JUST CALL  
ON ME! I..  
ER.. HAVE  
SOME IN-  
FLUENCE  
WITH THE..  
AL.. BLACK  
HOOD! I'LL  
GIVE YOU  
A HAND IF  
YOU NEED  
IT!!

HEY, JOE! HOW ABOUT  
PULLIN' THE BLOODY  
MASSACRE GAG  
ON HANK!

SWELL IDEA, GUS!  
HE OUGHTA GO  
FOR IT, HOOK,  
LINE, AND  
SINKER!!







HELLO! IS THIS THE DAILY TRIBUNE? SEND A REPORTER DOWN TO 17 VINE ST. RIGHT AWAY!...

WHAT.. BLOODY MASSACRE.. HUNDREDS OF CORPSES? YEOWWW. THERE'LL BE A REPORTER DOWN THERE, AND HOW!

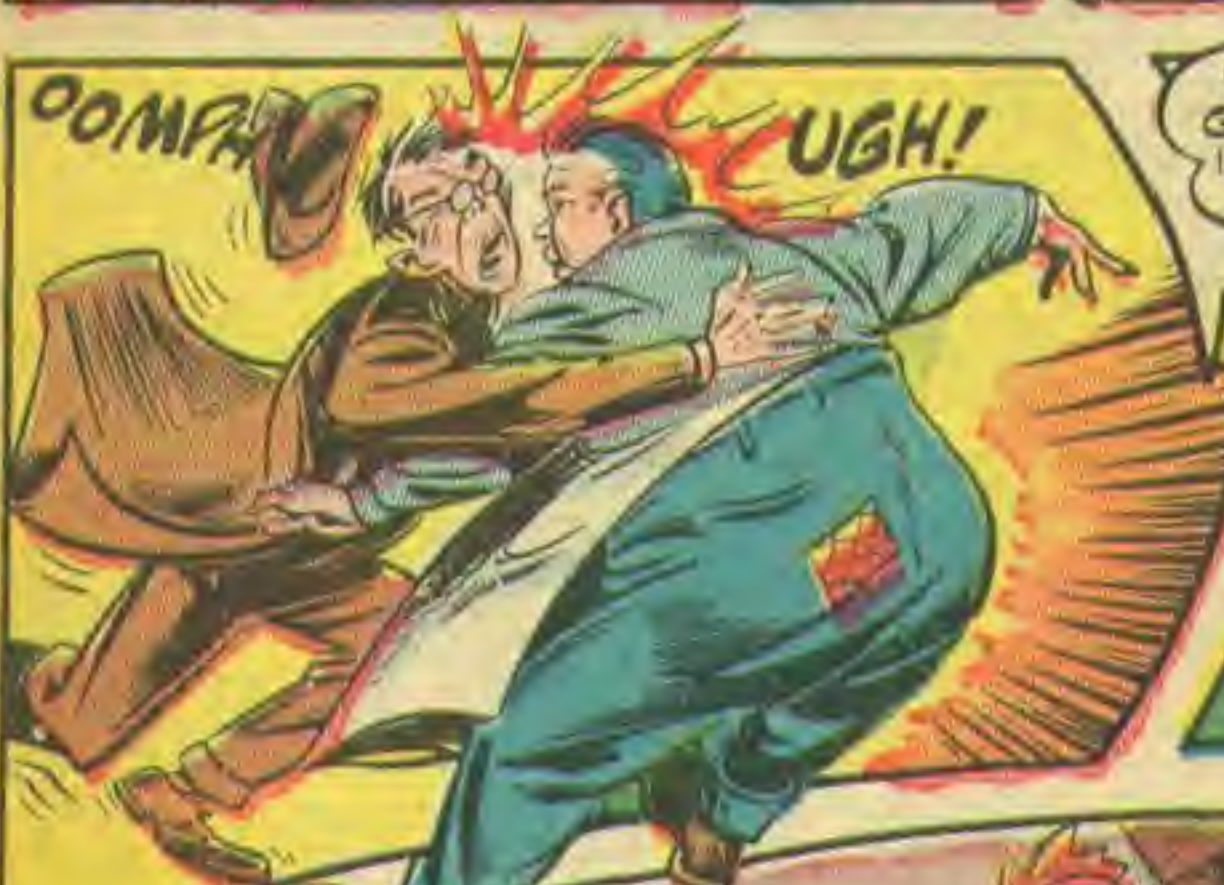


THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYBODY ELSE COVER THIS YARN!



CUB REPORTER, EH? I'LL SHOW 'EM!

17 VINE ST. THIS IS THE PLACE!



UGH!



WHERE YOU GOING? WHAT IS YER HURRY?

I'M THE REPORTER FROM THE TRIBUNE! (PUFF) WHERE ARE THE BLOODY CORPSES? (PUFF)



BLOODY CORPSES? ONLY ONES WE HAVE HERE ARE THE CHICKENS!



WANNA COME INTO THE SLAUGHTER ROOM? I'LL SHOW 'EM TO YOU!

NUTS!





MADE A FOOL OUTA ME.. THAT'S WHAT! GOTTA GOOD MIND TO QUIT! (MUMBLE, MUMBLE!)



WHASSAT?

MURDER



HELP!  
POLICE!



THERE'S A DEAD BODY UP THERE.. I TELL YOU! I SAW IT!!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!



I'M A REPORTER AND.. SAY.. YOU'RE JOHN LANDIS, THE D.A.!

THAT'S RIGHT, MY BOY! MY WIFE IS HAVING A BAD CASE OF NERVES!



NO, I'M NOT! I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN, JOHN! BUT I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYTHING NOW! I WON'T HAVE BLOOD ON MY HANDS! I...



YIPES! SHE'S FAINTED!

Ooooh

POOR LEAH! JUST PUT HER ON THE COUCH!!



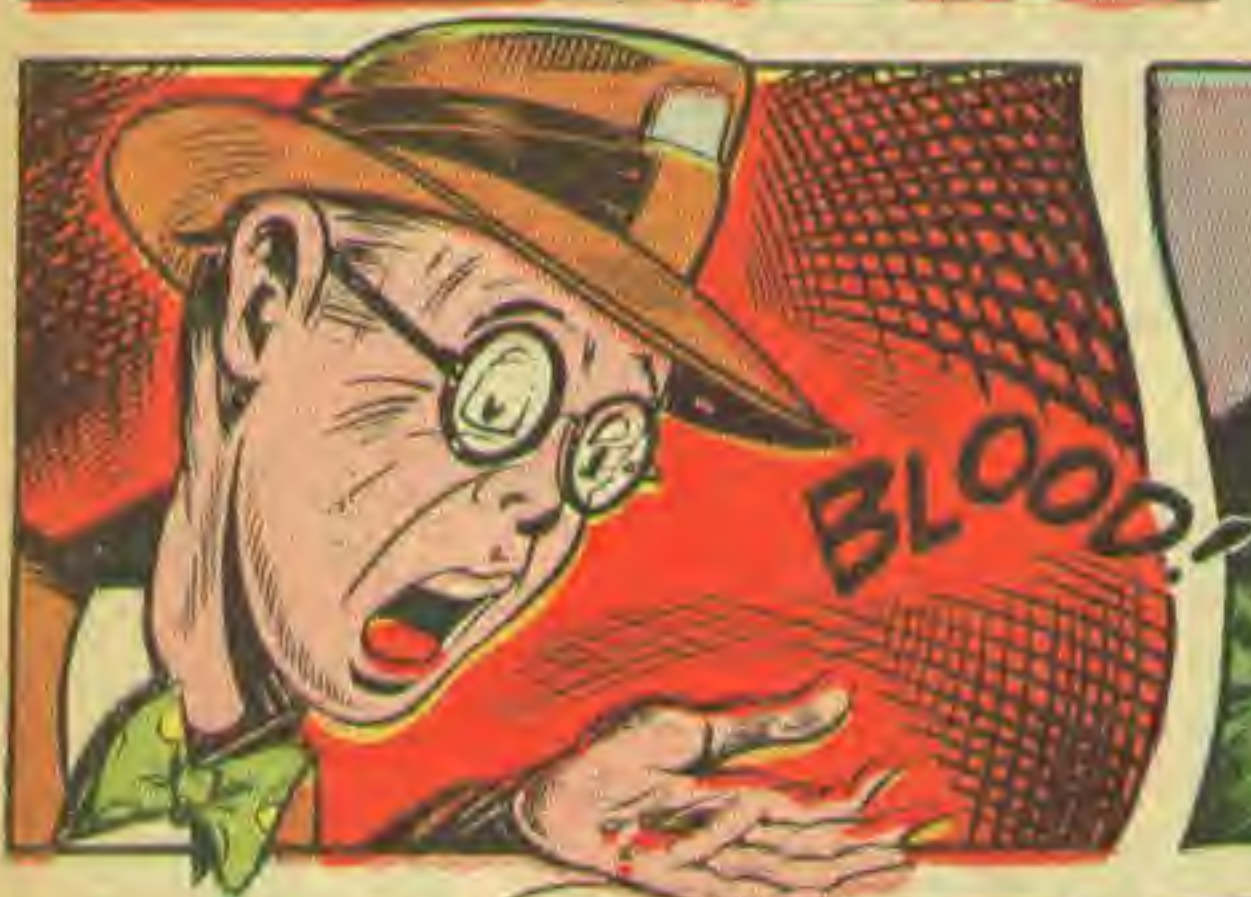
SHE'S HAD THESE FITS BEFORE.. BUT NEVER QUITE SO VIOLENT! I'D.. ER.. APPRECIATE IT, IF YOU MADE NO MENTION OF THIS IN YOUR PAPER!

BOY! SHE SURE IS OFF THE BEAM! ACCUSING YOU, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF MURDER!





BUT DON'T WORRY I'LL GET ENOUGH KIDDING AT THE OFFICE, AS IT IS, WITHOUT THIS SCREWY BUSINESS! S'LONG, D.A.!



BLOOD!



IT CAME FROM THE CEILING! YOUR WIFE ISN'T SO NUTS AFTER ALL! THERE IS SOMETHING UP THERE!

HERE TAKE THIS AND FORGET ABOUT IT, I TELL YOU!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR FILTHY DOUGH! I'LL WRITE THIS UP IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

WHY, YOU!



IF IT'S THE LAST THING HE DOES, EH? THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH A COUPLE OF THE BOYS!

AS HANK IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING..



DAILY TRIBUNE

WHA..

HIYA, PAL!

JUST A MINUTE, SONNY, BOY!



I GET IT NOW! THE D.A. SENT YOU TO KEEP ME FROM..

SHUT UP AND GET INTO THAT CAR!





HEARD ANYTHING YET FROM THAT KID REPORTER, BARBARA?

NO, KIP! NOT FOR A WEEK, NOW! HANK'S DROPPED COMPLETELY FROM SIGHT-AS THOUGH THE EARTH SWALLOWED HIM!



I CAN'T BELIEVE HANK WOULD QUIT! SOMEHOW, HE STRUCK ME AS A PERSON WHOSE VERY LIFE WAS WRAPPED UP IN HIS WORK!

NO FIRE COULD WARM ME, BURLAND! I MUST TALK FAST! I'VE SO MUCH TO SAY, AND SO LITTLE TIME TO SAY IT!



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, MISS SUTTON!

HANK!

GOOD LORD, MAN! COME OVER TO THE FIRE! YOU'RE DRIPPING WET!



YOU ONCE PROMISED TO HAVE THE BLACK HOOD HELP ME GET A STORY! I'VE COME TO MAKE YOU KEEP THAT PROMISE! MY STORY IS IN THE BLACKWELL SANITARIUM, WHERE MRS. JOHN LANDIS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S WIFE IS BEING KEPT--- ALTHOUGH SHE ISN'T INSANE!

HEY, WAIT!

GET HER OUT OF THERE! SHE HAS MUCH TO TELL---AND NOW, GOODBYE!

SLAM



GONE! BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE DISAPPEARED SO QUICKLY?



KIP! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW!

BUT I PROMISED THAT KID THE HOOD'S HELP---AND HE'S GOING TO GET IT! I'M OFF TO THE BLACKWELL SANITARIUM!





LATER THAT NIGHT--

THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO GET IN WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!

UP WE GO-- AND OVER!



BEST THING TO DO IS FIND MY WAY TO THE HEADMAN OF THIS JOINT!



--AND THIS GUY'S GONNA HELP ME!

AAARGH...



LIKE TO KEEP BREATHING, BUD? WHERE'S THE GUY IN CHARGE?

UGH--DOCTOR CARSON'S OFFICE, THIRD DOOR TO LEFT (GASP) IN BUILDING DIRECTLY BEHIND!



THANKS--AND NOW I'LL BE SURE YOU KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE--HAPPY DREAMS!

CRACK



IN THE OFFICE OF DR. CARSON--

DON'T WORRY, LANDIS, YOUR WIFE IS SAFELY UNDER LOCK AND KEY-- AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE STAYS THERE-- FOR A LONG TIME!



DR. CARSON THE JIG'S UP! THE BLACK HOODS HERE AND HE'S LOOKING FOR MRS. LANDIS!

THE BLACK HOOD HERE!



YEAH---AND  
UNLESS I MISS MY  
GUESS, THE COPS  
ARE RIGHT BE-  
HIND HIM!

I'VE PREPARED  
MYSELF FOR THIS  
EMERGENCY! WE'LL  
TAKE CARE OF MRS.  
LANDIS *RIGHT NOW!*

A LITTLE OVERDOSE  
OF SLEEPING POWDER  
AND MRS. LANDIS  
WON'T ANSWER  
ANY INCONVEN-  
IENT QUESTIONS!

LET ME OUT  
OF HERE YOU  
MURDERERS!  
YOU AND MY  
WICKED HUS-  
BAND WON'T  
ESCAPE THE  
LAW-- KEEP  
AWAY FROM  
ME!

HOLD HER WHILE  
I ADMINISTER THE  
SLEEPING  
POTION!

NO, DOC!  
I'LL ADMINISTER  
THE SLEEPING  
POTION!

DON'T ASK  
ANY QUESTIONS,  
MRS. LANDIS!  
I'M THE BLACK  
HOOD! I'LL  
GET YOU OUT  
OF HERE!

THANK  
HEAVENS!  
MY PRAYERS  
HAVE BEEN  
ANSWERED!

MIKE! LOOK,  
THAT CAR'S  
HEADIN'  
RIGHT FOR THE  
GATE!

AIM  
FOR THE  
TIRES!

THANK GOD, BLACK  
HOOD YOU GOT ME  
OUT OF THAT DREAD-  
FUL PLACE! TAKE  
ME TO THE GOVERN-  
OR PLEASE!

AH---A  
CAR! HOW  
CONVENIENT!

**CRASH!**





EANTIME--IN THE TRIBUNE OFFICE ---

FUNNY! I SEEM TO HEAR A TYPEWRITER! I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WORKING OVER-TIME!



HOLY SMOKE! HANK!



Y--YOU'RE DRIPPIN' WET AN' FULL O' SEAWEEED! WHERE'VE BEEN? WHAT?

I'M A REPORTER, CHIEF! A REAL RE-PORTER AND THIS STORY WILL PROVE IT! MY FIRST AND LAST STORY, CHIEF!



LAST NIGHT JOHN M. LANDIS THE D.A. WAS PROVED THE 'BIG BOY' PROTECTING THE RACKETEER'S IN THIS TOWN! THE EVIDENCE WAS SUPPLIED BY HIS WIFE WHOM HE TRIED TO LOCK UP IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! BUT THE BLACK HOOD RESCUED MRS. LANDIS AND DISCLOSED THE WHOLE ROTTEN SET-UP!



HOWLIN' HEAD-LINES! I'M GONNA CHECK ON THIS YARN AND IF IT'S TRUE---



THE POLICE CORROBORATED EVERY LINE OF HANK'S! THE D.A. CON-FESSED EVERY-THING! BOY THAT HANK'S GONNA BE MY STAR---



GONE! WHERE THE HECK DID HE DIS-APPEAR TO NOW?



HELLO! EDITOR RAMSEY? POLICE CALLING! WHO DID YOU SAY TURNED IN THAT LANDIS SCOOP, AGAIN?

MY CUB REPORTER, HANK HENNIG! WHY?



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! A BODY WAS FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER LAST NIGHT, AND DEFIN-ITELY IDENT-IFIED AS HANK HENNIG!

The End



# Readers Page

**EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!** ENTER THIS UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! AND WHY! THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST. RM. 315, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

**THE WINNER!**

**...AND HIS WINNING LETTER!**



PVT. J.E. HANCOCK  
HQ. 8-HQ. SQDN. FLIGHT 8.  
BOCA RATON FIELD, FLORIDA

*As a soldier in the U.S. Army Air Force I read Top Notch Laugh Comics to pass away the time and have a few laughs. We all get the blues very often and a good comic book sets everything off. The character I like most is the Black Hood for we are all black hoods and supermen trying to defeat the Nazis and Tokyo and all others who won't like our way of life. I get lots of laughs & thrill out of Top Notch Laugh Comics. I also want you to tell all to buy Top Notch and stamps to help win through. Pat. James C. Hancock*

## HONORABLE MENTION



SNOWDEN WALTERS  
208 CHAPLIN AVE.  
WINCHESTER, KY.



CAROLE RIBETH  
1535 TAYLOR AVE.  
BRONX, N.Y.



LEONARD ANDERSON  
101 3RD STREET  
LESTER, PA.



MARGUERITE KELLER  
EDISTO DRIVE  
ORANGEBURY, SC.



CECIL L. BOYD  
EWING, ILLINOIS



RENEE THORF  
BOX 327  
MONTPELIER, IDAHO



FRANKLIN WORKMAN  
BOX 42  
MEBANE, N.C.



MARIE MACPHAIL  
2471 DAVIDSON AVE.  
BRONX, N.Y.



DALTON SMITH  
BOX 43  
SILVER CITY, N.C.



KATINA SARRAMIS  
229 HANOVER ST.  
PORTSMOUTH, N.H.



CHILO GARCIA  
RT. 2, BOX 847  
GANGER, CALIFORNIA



HONOR BETHKE  
1321 S. 29th ST.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



# THE WINNER OF THE AUGUST TOP NOTCH LAUGH CONTEST!

ROBERTA JONES  
ALTMAR, CALIFORNIA



## HONORABLE MENTION - Continued



JOSEPH SEDACCA JR.  
146 LUDLOW ST.  
N.Y.C.



ROSALIND ENGEL  
1840 PHELAN PL.  
BRONX, N.Y.



EUGENE WHITT  
2911 BLACKHUROR AVE.  
ASHLAND, KY.



LOIS KENNEDY  
RD. 1 #88  
ELIZABETH, N.J.



JACK HIBBS  
TRUEMANN,  
ARKANSAS



JOE L. CROW  
APACHE, OKLA.



RITA SVINDEE  
BOX 118  
PARRISH, ALA.



SANDY FRAUD  
230 WASHINGTON ST.  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.





# SNOOP McGOOK

The  
Soupy  
Sleuth

by  
Carl Hübner

RETURNING ON THE TRAIN FROM HIS VACATION, SNOOP MCGOOK PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER--AS HE LOOK AT IT HIS EYES...POP--HE SWEATS!!

GULP!



## MUGGING MONSTER TERRORIZES CITY!!!



HORRIBLE CRIME WAVE CONTINUES WITH UNKNOWN FIEND STILL AT LARGE! POLICE ARE BAFLED!! BULLETS SEEM TO HAVE NO EFFECT ON HIM!

CENTERVILLE RESIDENTS STORM POLICE SECTION

THREE M CITIZENS ATTACKED LAST NIG

WHOA!  
CONDUCTOR!



ER--I'VE DECIDED NOT TO GO BACK TO THE CITY FOR A WHILE! LEAVE ME OFF AT THE NEXT STOP!

NO MORE STOPS! THIS IS AN EXPRESS TO CENTERVILLE!



GOOD NIGHT NURSE! I WOULD PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO COME BACK TO TOWN! N--NOT THAT I'M S-SCARED--



THE TRAIN ARRIVES IN CENTERVILLE --

HOME AGAIN! I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE SOME CROWDS AN' EXCITEMENT AGAIN!



?



WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T JOE SNOOCH! SAY, HOW COME EVERYTHING'S ALL CLOSED UP!

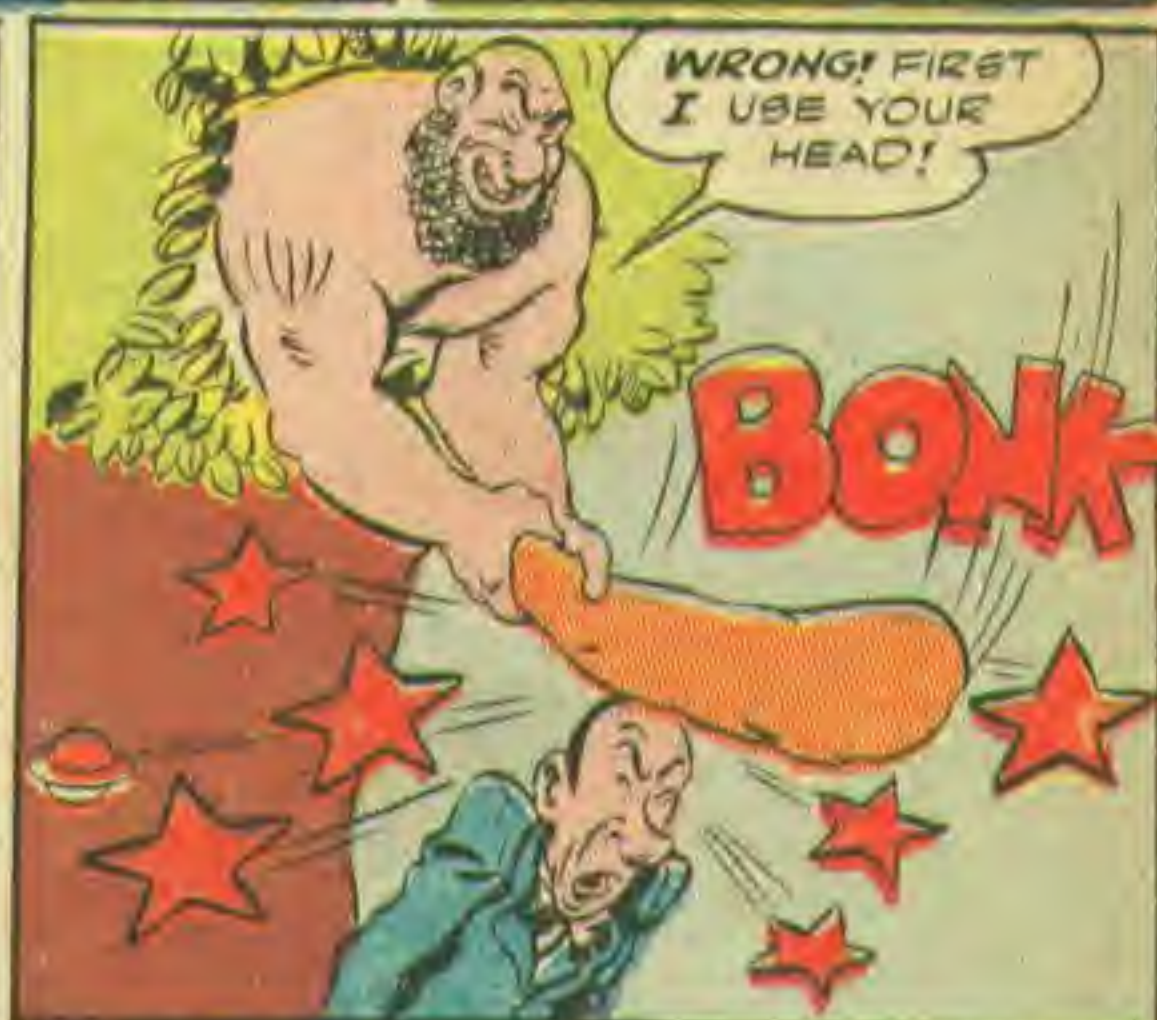
ALMOST EVERYBODY'S LEFT TOWN BECAUSE OF THY M-MYSTERIOUS MONSTER! EXCUSE ME, I GOTTA GET HOME BEFORE IT GETS DARK!



















LET'S SEE---  
"DEAR MULEFACE,  
I AM BEIN' HELD  
CAPTIVE!" GOT  
THAT?

DARN THIS  
PEN! IT  
NEVER  
WORKS  
RIGHT!



WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
IT? GIVE  
IT HERE!



HMM! WHAT'S  
THIS LITTLE  
THING ON  
THE SIDE!

LOOK OUT!  
THAT'S  
THE---



**YEOW!**

SQUISH



HALP!  
SAVE  
ME!

OH H!  
I CAN'T  
LOOK!



**CRASH**

TSK--  
TSK--

MEANWHILE A DELEGATION OF SNOOP'S  
FRIENDS CALL UPON THE LOCAL  
UNDERTAKER--



BUT GENTLEMEN,  
HOW CAN I CON-  
DUCT A FUNERAL  
WITH NO-ER--  
AH--BODY!

WHAT'S THE DIF-  
FERENCE? HE  
WENT TO CAP-  
TURE THE MON-  
STER!  
**FUNERAL**



I SEE --  
WELL--ER--

WHAT'S ALL  
THE NOISE  
OUTSIDE?



HERE'S YOUR  
MONSTER, BOYS!  
HE WAS A  
PUSHOVER!

SNOOP WILL HAVE A  
SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR  
YOU NEXT MONTH!



# SUZIE



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THE STORY HASN'T EVEN BEGUN YET AND ALREADY SUZIE'S IN TROUBLE! SHE STARTED TO HITCHHIKE HER WAY TO A NEW JOB AS A CAMP COUNSELLOR! A NICE KINDLY POLICEMAN GAVE HER A LIFT, AND---- WELL, YOU CAN SEE THE MOTORCYCLE BUT NOT THE COP! SO IF YOU KNOW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE WE DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!

WHAT IN TARNATION IS THIS?

"HELLO" COULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT ME TO KAMP KIDDIE?

HOP IN, MISS! I'M JUST DELIVERIN' MILK THERE AND I'LL DROP YOU OFF!

OH, THANK YOU! I'LL JUST LEAVE THE MOTORCYCLE HERE FOR THAT NICE POLICEMAN TO PICK UP! HE FELL OFF 5 MILES BACK!











OOOOO MY FEET ARE KILLING ME! I COULDN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT! I'VE JUST GOT TO SIT DOWN AND REST UP!



HEY-- STOP EATING THOSE CHERRIES OFF MY HAT!



I'LL PAY FOR THIS MULE FROM MY FIRST WEEK'S SALARY! GIDDAD NAPOLEON!

LATER--AT THE WHIPPLE KIDDIE FARM---

OSCAR! THESE CHILDREN ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY! I HOPE THAT NEW COUNCILOR SHOWS UP!



GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THIS?



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SUZIE-- AND IF THIS IS THE WHIPPLE KIDDIE FARM, I'M THE COUNCILOR YOU HIRED!



DOES THIS THING BELONG TO YOU?

EEK--LOOK BEHIND YOU!





I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING!  
YOU-YOU LOOK SO  
FUNNY!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S A FACT,  
MINERVA! YOU DO LOOK  
FUNNY SETTIN' IN THAT  
BASKET!

SHUT UP!  
BOTH OF  
YOU!



AS FOR YOU,  
HIRAM, GET  
INTO THAT  
'COWSHED  
AND START  
MILKIN' THOSE  
COWS!

NOW, NOW,  
MINERVA, DON'T  
BE TOUCHY!  
'COURSE I'LL  
GO!



AND YOU, SUZIE! THERE'S  
YOUR SCHEDULE FOR  
TODAY! THERE'S  
PLENTY OF WORK  
FOR YOU! SO GET  
BUSY!

YES'M!



O'DEAR!  
HOW'LL I  
STOP  
THEM  
FROM  
CRYING?

YOU FIGURE  
IT OUT!  
THAT'S WHAT  
I HIRED YOU  
FOR!



FIRST THING ON THE  
SCHEDULE IS TO BATHE  
EDGAR! THIS ONE HAS  
A TAG THAT READS  
EDGAR! SO HERE  
GOES!



NEXT--HMM-- PUT BURTON AND  
THROCKMORTON OUT TO PLAY  
AND IT SAYS BE SURE TO  
KEEP A **LINE** ON THEM!



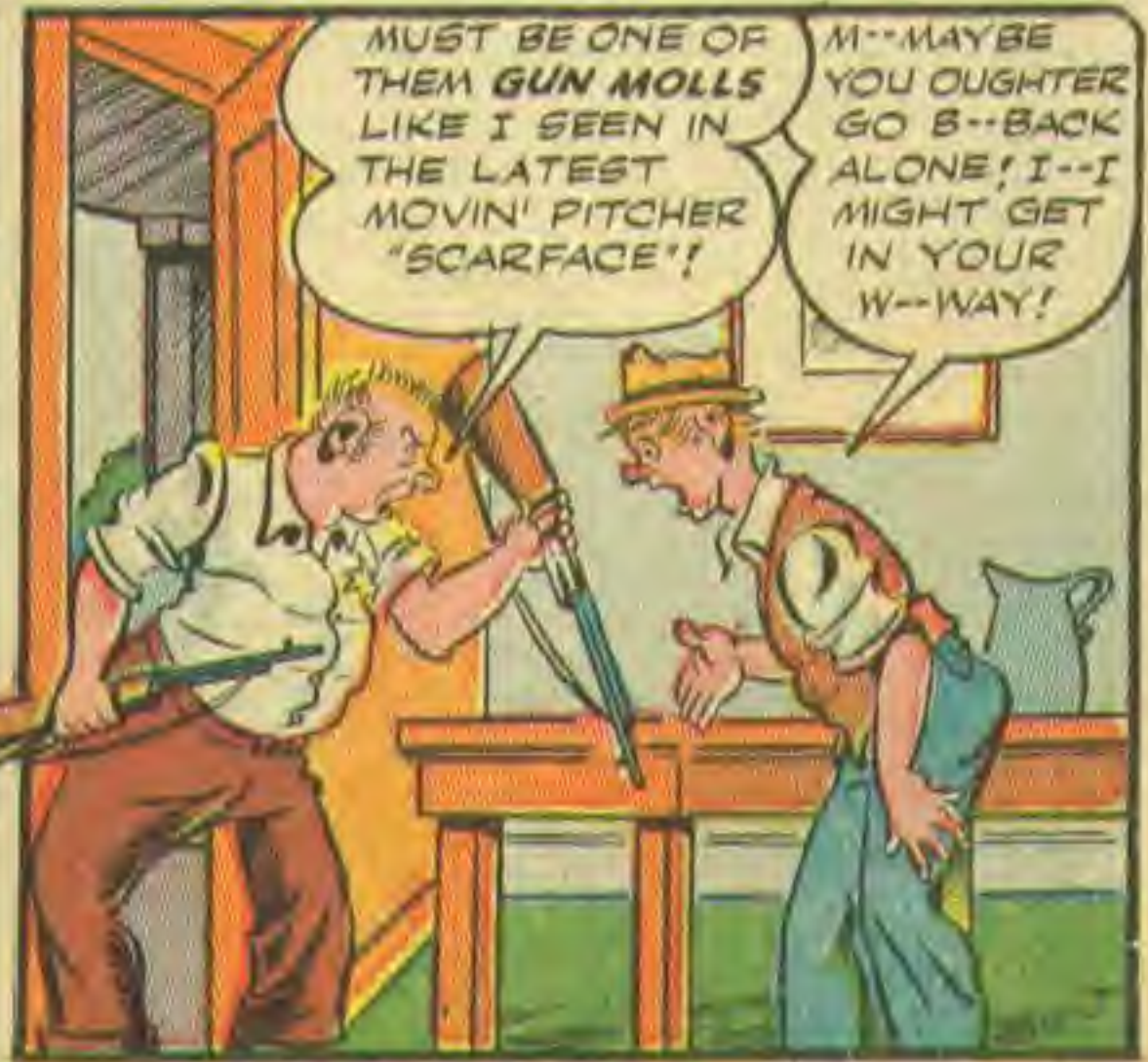
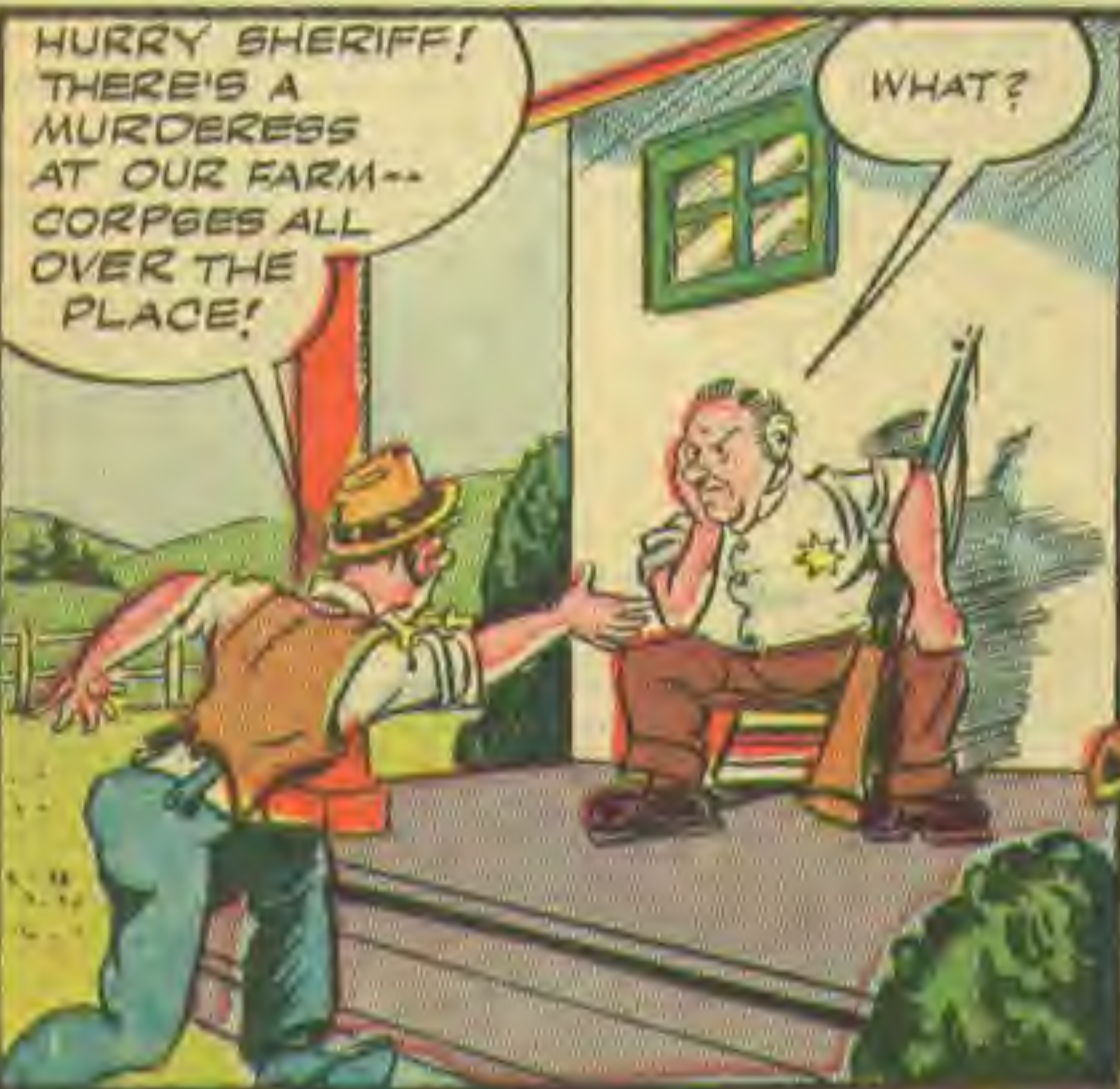
FUNNY WAY FOR KIDS  
TO PLAY--ON A  
LINE! BUT ORDERS  
ARE ORDERS!

WAAAH!

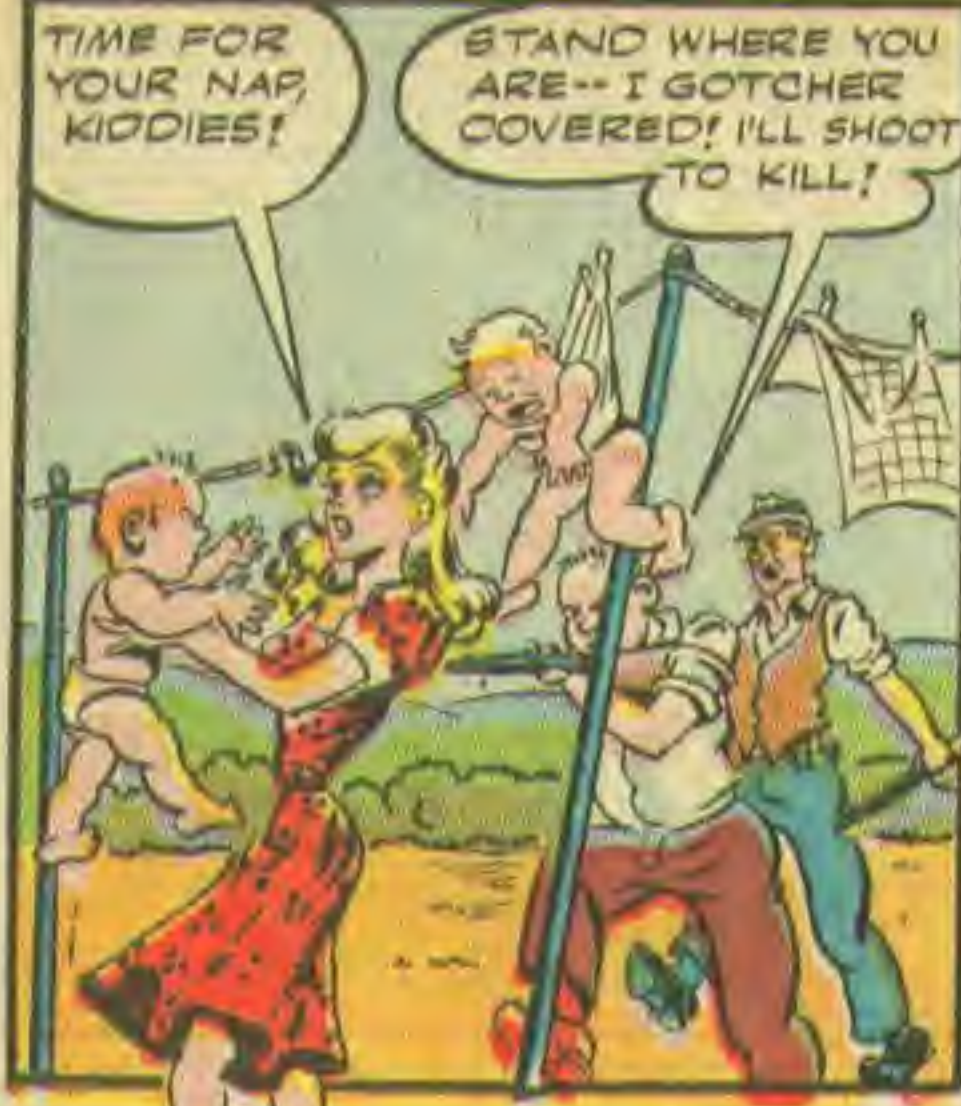


NOW, I'LL JUST POWDER  
THESE TWO! GOLLY  
THIS JOB IS GOING  
TO BE EASIER THAN  
I THOUGHT!









TIME FOR YOUR NAP, KIDDIES!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE-- I GOTCHER COVERED! I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!



WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THOSE BABY CORPSES? OUT WITH IT, WOOMIN!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT BABY CORPSES?

THE ONES YOU HUNG O' COURSE!



WHY YOU'VE GOT 'EM NOW! I JUST TOOK THEM OFF THE CLOTHES LINE!

IS-- IS THAT WHERE YOU HUNG 'EM?



ULP-- MINERVA-- I JEST REMEMBERED-- I LOCKED HER IN THE BARN WITH THAT MEAN BULL!

HELP  
HELP



GARSH! SHE STOPPED HOLLERIN! MEBBE THAT BULL KILLED HER!

WAAL! YE BETTER GIT THAR FAST! PUSSEONALLY, I THINK YOU'D BE BETTER OFF FACIN' A WILD BULL THAN A WILD WIFE!

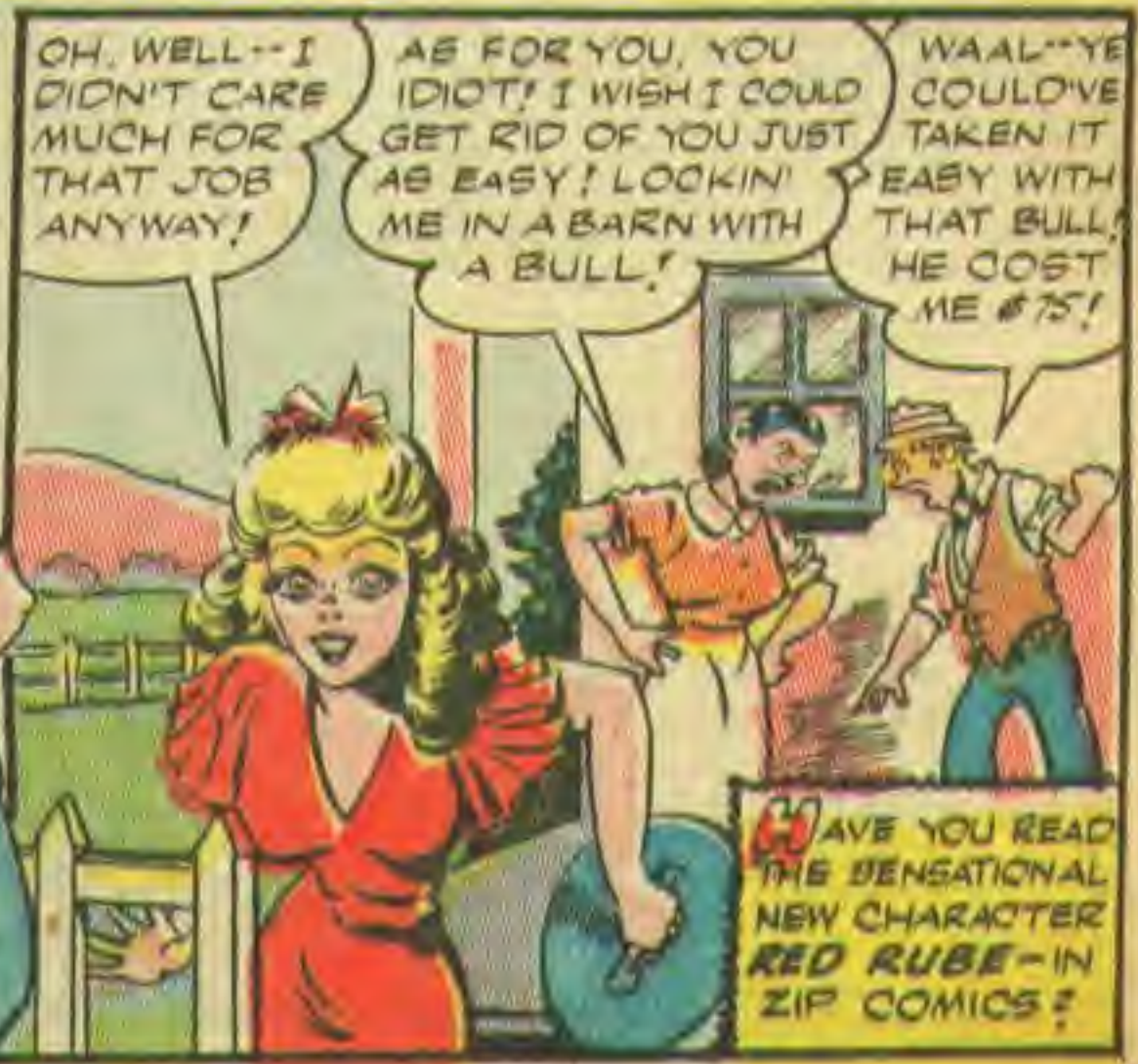


MINERVA--- MINERVA, COURAGE I'M COMING!



YOU IDIOT, DON'T JUST STAND THERE--HELP ME--DO SOMETHING!

ULP!



OH, WELL-- I DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR THAT JOB ANYWAY!

AS FOR YOU, YOU IDIOT! I WISH I COULD GET RID OF YOU JUST AS EASY! LOCKIN' ME IN A BARN WITH A BULL!

WAAL--YE COULDO'VE TAKEN IT EASY WITH THAT BULL! HE COST ME \$75!

HAVE YOU READ THE SENSATIONAL NEW CHARACTER RED RUBE--IN ZIP COMICS?





**M**ISTAKING A UNIT OF HOLLYWOOD ACTORS DISGUISED AS NAZI TROOPERS FOR THE REAL THING, SENOR SIESTA WAS LEFT FLEEING THE COMIC OPERA ARMY OF GUSTAVO'S GUERRILLAS INC. SO, WITH THIS MONTH'S ISSUE WE FIND HIM MAKING FOR THE HILLS POST-HASTE, WHEN...

EEE-OH!! CAN EET BE TRUE, THAT I HAVE RUN ALL THE WAY TO "DEVIL'S GULCH?"

**DEVIL'S GULCH**  
KEEP OUT



BOOT FOR DESERTING MY POST, THE ARMY WOULD GEEVE ME THE FIRING SQUAD ANYWAY... SO WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOOSE...  
GULPS











- AN' HE'S SO CROOKED, HE HAS CORRUGATED IRON IN HIS BLOOD.. YESSUH, THET MAN IS OUR PRIDE AN' JOY!



LOOK, SEÑOR COWBOY, EES THAT NOT A **TORNADO** OR **CYCLONE** COMING THEES YAY?

NOPE! ET'S **HIM!** DUCK FER COVER!



**YA-HOOO. BANG**  
**YIPEEEEE**  
**BANG**  
**BANG**



I STEEL THEENK EET WAS WAN **BEEG** TORNADO!

NOPE! THET'S "DEAD HEAD" TH' BOSS 'ROUND THESE HYAR PARTS! HE IS ALWAYS A MITE CROSS BEFORE BREAKFAST! C'MON WE'LL MEET HIM!!



G'MORNIN' DEAD HEAD! I FOUND THIS HYAR FELLER SNOOPING IROUND TH' OUTSKIRTS OF DEVILS GULCH! SHOULD I PLUG HIM, OR WHAT?

WHAT?



WASTE A BULLET ON THAT SHRIMP? PASS HIM HYAR, I'LL EAT HIM FOR BREAKFAST!!

GULCH WELL, THAT'S ME... THE BREAKFAST OF SHAMPIONS!









HOWDY PODNER,  
AND WHO MIGHT  
YEW BE??

BUENOS DIOS,  
SEÑORITA! I AM  
SEÑOR SIESTA,  
THE NEW  
COOK!



I DON'T ENVY YEW  
THET JOB NONE.. GONNA  
BE **MIGHTY** HARD TRYING  
TO PLEASE THET COYOTE  
DEAD HEAD'S TASTE!

TELL ME,  
SEÑORITA,  
WHAT EES  
HEES FAVOREET  
DEESH??



WAL, PODNER,  
OUTSIDE OF HIS  
**LIQUID DIET**, I'VE  
HEARD, HE'S A  
SUCKER FER  
**RABBIT  
STEW!**

RABBEET  
STEW?



MUCHAS  
GRACIAS  
SEÑORITA!  
I SALUTE  
YOU!!  
(SMACK)

IXNAY, DON JUAN,  
OR THE NEXT  
HAND YEW KISS,  
WILL BE, SAINT  
PETER'S !!



I DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND!  
BOOT-ALREADY  
I HAVE FALLEN  
EEN **LOVE**  
WEETH YOU!!

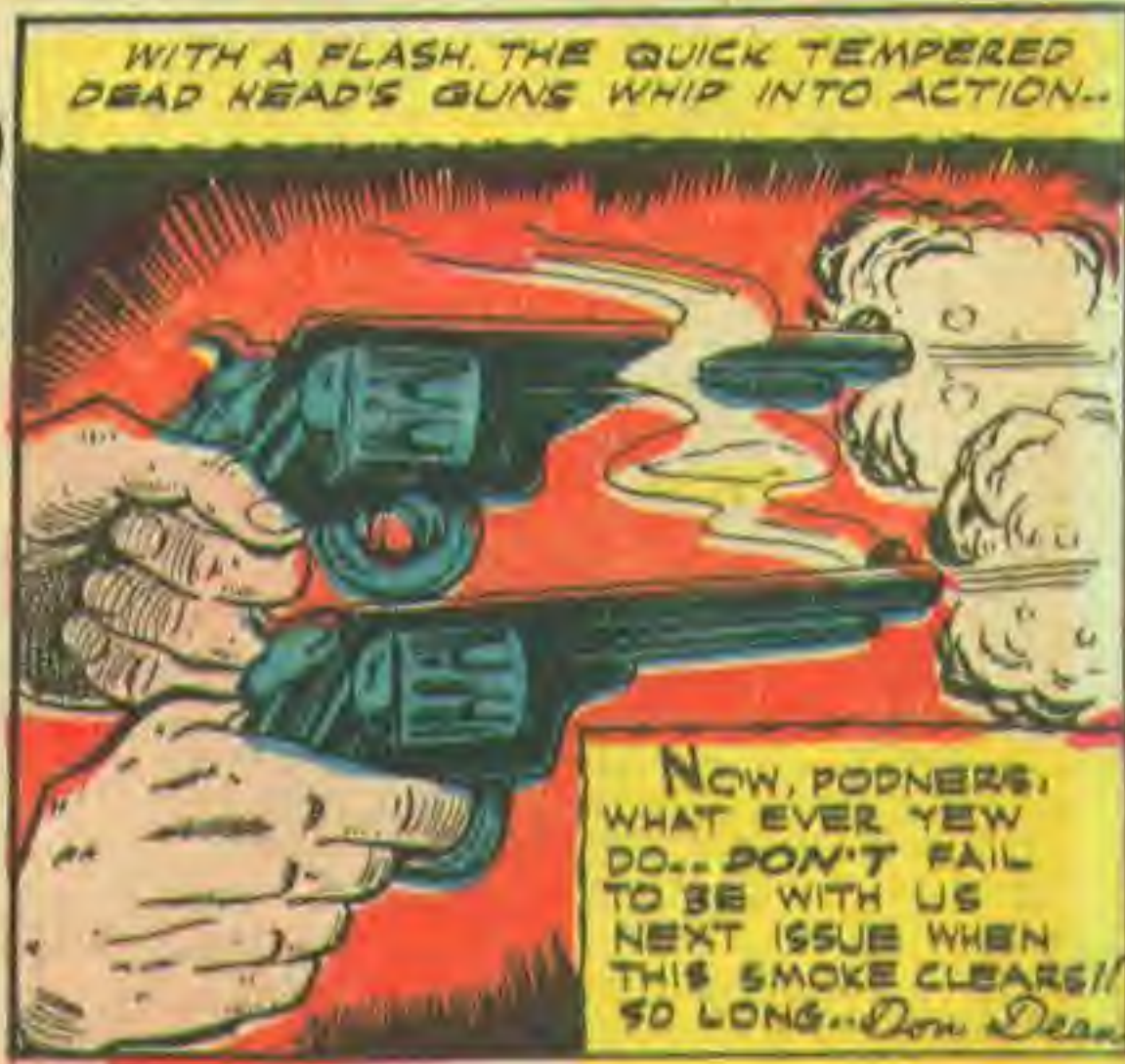
LOOK, SIESTA, YONDER  
HILL IS **FULL** OF  
MEN WHO DIDN'T  
UNDERSTAND, I AM  
**DEAD HEAD'S  
GAL!!**



WAL, SEE  
YEW LATER,  
PODNER!

ALAS, ROOMANCE  
EES NOT FOR ME!  
I WEEL PEEL THE  
ONION AND CRY  
THEES HEART-  
ACHE AWAY!  
(SIGH)







# MURDER WILL OUT

**O**UTSIDE the log cabin Dark Hamilton looked through the lighted window, gripped his rifle, and moved cautiously nearer.

Inside the cabin a young man with stiff, corn-colored hair bent over a crude table. With painstaking effort he was writing a letter. The big, work-stained hand that guided the pencil bore down feverishly on the coarse envelope. A dull circular glow from an Alaskan gold miners' lamp threw his broad, hunched shoulders into heavy relief. His back was to that one small open window where Dark Hamilton stood seething with envy and hate.

Dark braced himself, drew a bead on the writer's back, and fired. Timmy Lane's corn-colored head half turned at the impact; then he slumped to the floor, dead.

Dark dragged out the body and rolled it down a ravine where wolves hunted nightly. He shivered and hurried back to the cabin. Intelligently he cleaned up the blood, taking care there was no stain left on his clothes. Extreme caution, perhaps, for no one would come; not when the arctic's fall snows were about to close in for the winter.

Dark's slim fingers stroked his silky, black beard which all but obliterated his saturnine features. Yesterday he had torn up a clump of grass on Timmy's claim and found gold sticking to the roots. The richness staggered him; he had supposed Timmy was boasting. And then, the thought that had smoldered

in Dark's mind for months stood out in striking clearness.

"If one of us should die, who would know when or how? Only the one who was left."

Over two years ago Dark and Timmy had come eighty unblazed miles above the arctic circle and each independently had staked twenty acres, all that Alaskan mining laws allow in a single claim. They had made a trip into Circle, a precinct town on the arctic circle, and recorded their claims; but they were both green, and described their locations with reference to two creeks which they themselves had named. Their cabin was built later. It would be easy to change the names and the claim stakes. No one had been on the ground since they located.

Jonah, an old Indian who helped them pack their outfit in, still lived across Medicine Lake eight miles away, but superstition kept him from crossing the water. The isolation was complete.

Across Medicine Lake, Dark could see Jonah's signal fire, a sign agreed upon should the Indian make a trip into Circle where a letter could be mailed. Neither Dark nor Timmy had been to Jonah's camp since Timmy had struck gold. Dark was safe there.

The sealed letter addressed to Timmy Lane's wife lay on the table. Dark must write and tell her that her husband had died; it was the natural thing to do.

But suppose the postmaster at Circle where they had recorded their claims noticed Dark's

handwriting on a letter addressed to Timmy's wife? Timmy made big, crude letters while Dark's writing was like a penman's work. You couldn't be too careful about little things, Dark considered. He'd use Timmy's addressed envelope.

Carefully he examined the envelope for bloodstains and then steamed it open. The letter was written on both sides of a lined sheet, and just as he'd thought it told a glowing story of Timmy's gold.

Dark read from the letter: "But there ain't nothing to tell one claim from the other. Dark acts sour—so remember—my claim is the one with the big split rock and a hemlock growing through the break."

Dark smiled grimly. That was sure a close squeak. Retaining the addressed envelope he burned the letter and sat down to compose a note to Timmy's wife. He wrote and rewrote, since he must be cautious without the appearance of caution.

Suddenly he was interrupted by the fearful snarling and dismal howl of wolves in the ravine. Mingled exultation and horror swept over him. But he had played safe; just in case some deputy marshal, one of Uncle Sam's guardians of the law in the arctic, got suspicious of Timmy's death and made a trip in to investigate. And Dark knew the law; without a body there is no murder.

Finally the dismal howling ceased and he continued writing. Timmy had gone moose hunting, was the story he told,



and never returned. Dark paused. Better not mention gold.

He concluded: "The only envelope I can find is one your husband addressed to you some time ago."

In the gray dawn Dark crossed the lake with the letter. Jonah was waiting on shore with his rifle and blanket ready to start on his hard trek.

"Long time wait," Jonah grunted, reached for the letter, and stalked off.

"He's anxious to be gone before the snows set in," Dark thought.

Nearing his own cabin Dark looked into the ravine to make sure the wolves had done their work. Nothing remained—nothing. He went directly to the claims and changed the claim stakes. Meticulously he examined each detail to make certain no possible clue was left. At last he was satisfied. He had been under a strain, but it was over. All he now had to do was wait; wait until spring to give the whole world news of his strike.

A week had gone by and Dark smacked his pipe and dreamed dreams. Life had become very rosy and promising. Within a few months he'd be a power, a Placer King, and men would be begging for his favor. Women too. Musingly he walked outside in the arctic sunshine and turned the corner of his cabin. A sturdy man in khaki faced him.

Dark never doubted for a moment that the man was an officer of the law. His tanned, seasoned face and hard, piercing gray eyes told that as plain as print. Uncle Sam's guardian of the arctic was making rounds. But what of it? No clue remained.

"Here alone?" the stranger asked without preliminary.

"No—and yes," Dark answered with confidence. "My companion went moose hunting a month ago and never got back. He may have struck out for Circle."

"You boys strike pay?" the stranger interrogated.

"I did," Dark said.

"Let's see your claim."

"Your name is—?" Dark inquired as they walked toward Timmy's claim.

"Regan."

They strode across the frosty tundra until they reached the ground purported to be Dark's. Like an experienced sourdough Regan panned a shovelful of pay dirt. A low astonished whistle escaped him as he gazed at the gold settled in the bottom of the pan. He stood up and looked about.

"Your claim is this gold-paved one"—Regan pointed—"with that big split rock that has the hemlock growing through it?"

Dark nodded. He smiled to himself. This cool guy with the X-ray eyes could get nothing on him no matter how suspicious he was.

"We recorded our claims down at Circle," Dark said.

"Oh, yes," Regan cocked an eye. "Did you mention the split rock or the tree?"

"No, we both overlooked the rock until after."

"I see," Regan pondered. "Better get your pack and come on."

A little tremor of fear tinted Dark's assurance.

"I don't get you," Dark glowered.

"I'm arresting you, Darkton Hamilton, for the murder of Timmy Lane. Is that clear?"

"It's a lie!" Dark almost shrieked.

"I don't need to lie." Regan's eyes were like chilled steel. "You gave the damning clue written in the plainest kind of English."

Cold sweat broke out on Dark's face. But the cop was bluffing. Suppose he saw the letter? What of it? The things he'd written and the things he'd said coincided. He couldn't have sent a clue. He had been scrupulously careful. There was nothing to get excited about.

"Get going!" Regan sneered. "Suppose you are suspicious, Mr. Deputy Regan? Where's the corpus delicti? Ever hear of that? Without a body there is no murder."

"There's proof enough for the body of the crime," Regan said grimly, and took from his pocket a bit of Timmy's stiff, corn-colored hair still attached to the scalp.

Dark's eyeballs twitched uncontrollably. But he thought fast. No use pretending he didn't recognize Timmy's hair. "The wolves got him," he gasped. "Poor Timmy."

Regan eyed him coldly. "No use, Hamilton. You furnished the unmistakable clue. When the Indian brought Mrs. Timmy Lane's letter to the post office at Circle the postmaster thought some one had tampered with it and consulted me. I opened the letter. You recall, don't you, that you steamed open Timmy's envelope? You dampened the writing which was in indelible pencil and it came off on the inside of the envelope. A mirror was all that was needed to read:

"—So remember—my claim is the one with the big split rock and a hemlock growing—"



BEFORE YOU SEE OUR LATEST ADVENTURES  
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY YOUR LUCK ON THIS...

# THREE MONKEY-TEERS PUZZLE PAGE

①

CAN YOU PICK UP THIS  
NAIL WITHOUT  
TOUCHING IT?  
WITH  
YOUR  
HANDS?

SPEAKING OF  
NAILS--I ALWAYS  
FILE MINE!

THAT'S  
SILLY... I  
ALWAYS THROW  
MINE AWAY!

HOW LONG  
SHOULD YOUR  
LEGS BE? DO  
YOU KNOW?

②



THIS PUZZLE IS KNOWN AS A REBUS...BY  
ADDING AND SUBTRACTING THE LETTERS IN THE  
NAMES OF OBJECTS BELOW YOU WILL HAVE A  
SIX LETTER WORD THAT DOES AND DOES NOT  
APPLY TO STUPIDMAN...



MY POP  
AND I  
TOOK A  
TWIP ON  
A TWAIN!

GOLLY,  
I WONDER  
WHAT HE  
MEANS?

④



THIS IS HOW TO DRAW STUPIDMAN...



THE ONE  
AND ONLY!



OKAY...NOW TURN TO THE ANSWERS AT THE END OF THIS STORY



# The 3 Monkey-teers

## and STUPIDMAN

DO YOU BELIEVE IN  
WITCHCRAFT? -- THE  
WELL -- THE  
3 MONKEY-TEERS  
& STUPIDMAN  
DON'T -- BUT...  
JUST LISTEN...

HURRY, MEN,  
YOU KNOW I'M  
WORKING THE  
SWING SHIFT  
AT SCHULTZ'S  
DELICATESSEN!

HEY,  
EGBERT!  
EGBERT  
FILCH!

THAT'S  
STUPIDMAN,  
SILLY!

THAT HAUNTED  
HAMMOND HOUSE  
IS RIGHT OVER  
THIS HILL MR.  
STUPIDMAN!

AND IT'S  
ALMOST  
TWO  
O'CLOCK!

BY  
ED GOGGIN

WHY, FRANK  
AND CHARLIE  
DOUBLEDAY!

LONG  
TIME NO  
SEE!

NOT SINCE WE  
SPENT 3 YEARS  
IN THE FIFTH  
GRADE TOGETHER!

HOW COME  
YOU FELLOWS  
AREN'T WITH  
THE CIRCUS?

OH, WE  
QUIT! I  
WORK DAYS  
AT THE  
SHIPYARD!

AND I  
WORK NIGHTS  
AT THE AIR-  
PLANE PLANT!





WE GOT  
AWFULLY SICK  
OF THE CIRCUS!  
EVERYBODY PULLED  
THE SAME OLD  
GAG ON US!

YEH! THEY  
SAID "YOU REMIND  
ME OF A BASE-  
BALL GAME -- A  
DOUBLE-HEADER!



OH WELL...  
SO LONG,  
FELLOWS!  
SEE YOU  
SOON!

WE'VE GOT  
DETECTING  
TO DO!

SO LONG,  
STUPIDMAN!  
BE CAREFUL!



HERE'S THE  
PLACE NOW!  
LET'S PEEK  
IN A  
WINDOW!

G-GOSH...  
D-DO YOU  
THINK...  
WE  
SHOULD?



HOLY SMOKEY, HOKEY DOKEY --  
KINDLE A FLAME IN THE SKY...  
POKEY OAKY... POKE...  
NO, THAT'S NOT RIGHT  
AW RATS... WRONG WORDS!

SHHHH!

IT'S  
THE  
WITCH...  
IT  
IS...

ISN'T  
IT?



AH, I'VE GOT IT...  
CH, WEATHER, WEATHER,  
TAR AND FEATHER...  
HOW DO THE BREEZES  
BLOW?



WITH A RUMBLE RUMBLE  
AND A GRUMBLE GRUMBLE...

LISTEN TO  
THAT, WILL YOU!  
GUCH FIDDLE-  
FADDLE! WHO  
EVER HEARD  
OF ANYBODY  
CHANGING  
THE WEATH-

B-R-R-RUMBLE



A STORM!  
RUN, STUPIDMAN.  
RUN!





IT'S STARTING.  
TO STOP  
ALREADY!

WHY CERTAINLY! IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS WITCH-CRAFT!



RIGHT, BUD, AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME INSIDE WITH YOUR 3 FRIENDS I'LL DEMONSTRATE!



WITCHCRAFT, FOOEY! JUST TRICKS! WATCH THIS... I SPEAK TWO WORDS, GRAB THEM LIKE THIS...



THROW THEM AGAINST THE WALL LIKE THIS! AND WHAT DO I GET?





TSK, TSK, I LEARNED THAT ONE AT THE WITCH'S CONVENTION AT TONAWANDA IN 1933!.. WATCH THIS!



FASHION NOTE... FOR DIRECTIONS ON THE WITCH'S CASUAL HAIR-DO... SIMPLY WRITE IN CARE OF THIS MAGAZINE...

YOO-HOO, ECHO, WHAT TIME IS IT?



IT IS NOW TWO FIFTEEN O'CLOCK, WITCH!



NOT BAD, EH? HEH, HEH, HEH!

TSK, TSK, YOUR ECHO IS SEVEN MINUTES SLOW!



ALL RIGHT WISE GUY! YOU'RE NEXT... YOU DO SOMETHING!



YOU'RE STUCK... AINT'CHA?

NO, PANTHER-PUSS, I'M NOT! STEP ASIDE AND I'LL TURN THE LIGHTS OUT!



NOW! 14-18-17-6 SHIFT!

LISTEN TO HIM... THE OLD PHONEY! HEH... HEH...

WHERE THERE IS RIGHT THEN THERE IS MIGHT. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU...

## THE SPIRIT OF '76

TWEEDLE DEEDLE  
TWEET  
TWEET  
TWEET



RUM  
BUM  
BUM







DRAT IT! YOU CAN'T  
MAKE A MONKEY  
OUT OF ME!



I'LL SHOW YOU...  
I'LL MAKE A COW  
OUT OF YOU!



COW, COW,  
BEHIND  
THE PLOW!  
COW, COW,  
NOW, NOW!



OMIGOSH!.. LOOK!..  
SHE DID IT! SHE DID  
IT! SHE CHANGED HIM  
INTO A COW!



OH, MR.  
STUPIDMAN,  
PLEASE SPEAK  
TO US!

HELLO-O-O  
BOYS



OH  
GOSH,  
THERE  
YOU  
ARE!  
WE  
THOUGHT.

NONSENSE,  
MY BOY! SHE'S  
HARMLESS! AND  
QUITE A LIKEABLE  
OLD GIRL AT  
THAT!

OH,  
I'M SO  
GLAD YOU  
THINK SO  
BECAUSE-



YOU'VE SHOWED ME THE ERROR  
OF MY WAYS! OH, DARLING, I'M  
SURE WE'LL BE SO HAPPY  
TOGETHER!

OH  
OH



WAIT, STUPIDMAN, DON'T GO!  
I'VE CHANGED... HONEST, I HAVE..  
I'VE CHANGED!

NOT ENOUGH FOR ME  
YOU HAVEN'T. NOT ENOUGH  
FOR ME! FASTER, MEN,  
FASTER!

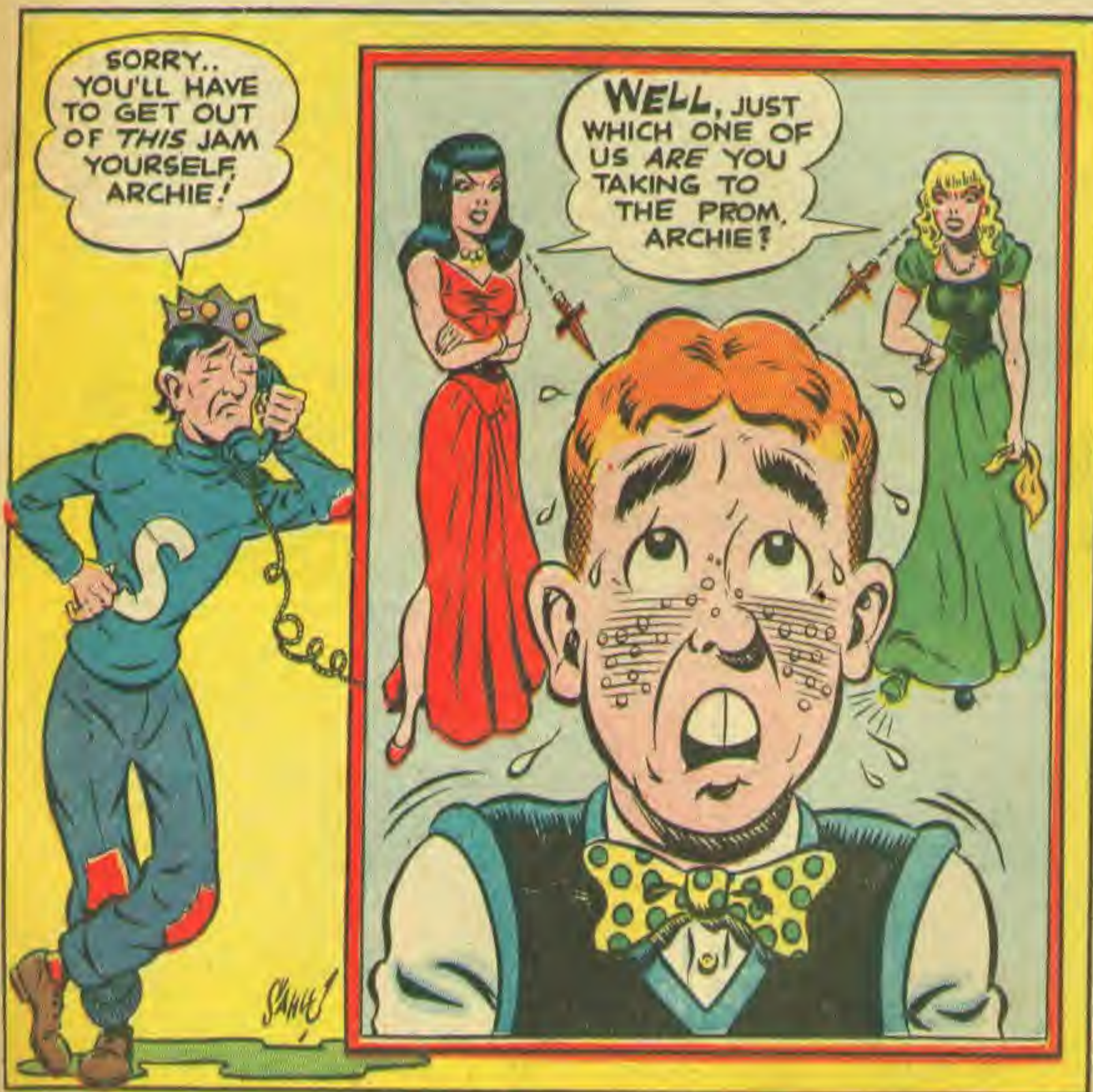
### AND SO TO THE PUZZLE ANSWERS

1. LIFT THE NAIL BY  
SLIDING PAPER  
UNDER IT
2. YOUR LEGS SHOULD  
BE LONG ENOUGH TO  
REACH THE GROUND.
3. THE WORD IS  
'STUPID'
4. HE TOOK A "TRIP  
ON A TRAIN"

WILL THE WITCH  
FOLLOW STUPIDMAN  
?? AND WHAT ABOUT  
FRANK & CHARLIE  
DOUBLEDAY ??  
READ THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
TOP NOTCH  
LAUGH COMICS!  
DROP US A LINE



**J**UST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND -----  
WELL ----- WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?  
THE GALE OF LAUGHTER WITH WHICH  
YOU GREETED THE **FIRST TWO** ISSUES  
OF **ARCHIE COMICS** WILL NOW BECOME  
**TYPHOONS, HURRICANES** OF HILARITY  
AS YOU READ **ARCHIE'S LATEST**  
**TROUBLES!**





# GLOOMY GUS

## THE HOMELESS GHOST

64  
"RED"  
HOLMDALE  
STORY BY  
ED GOGGIN



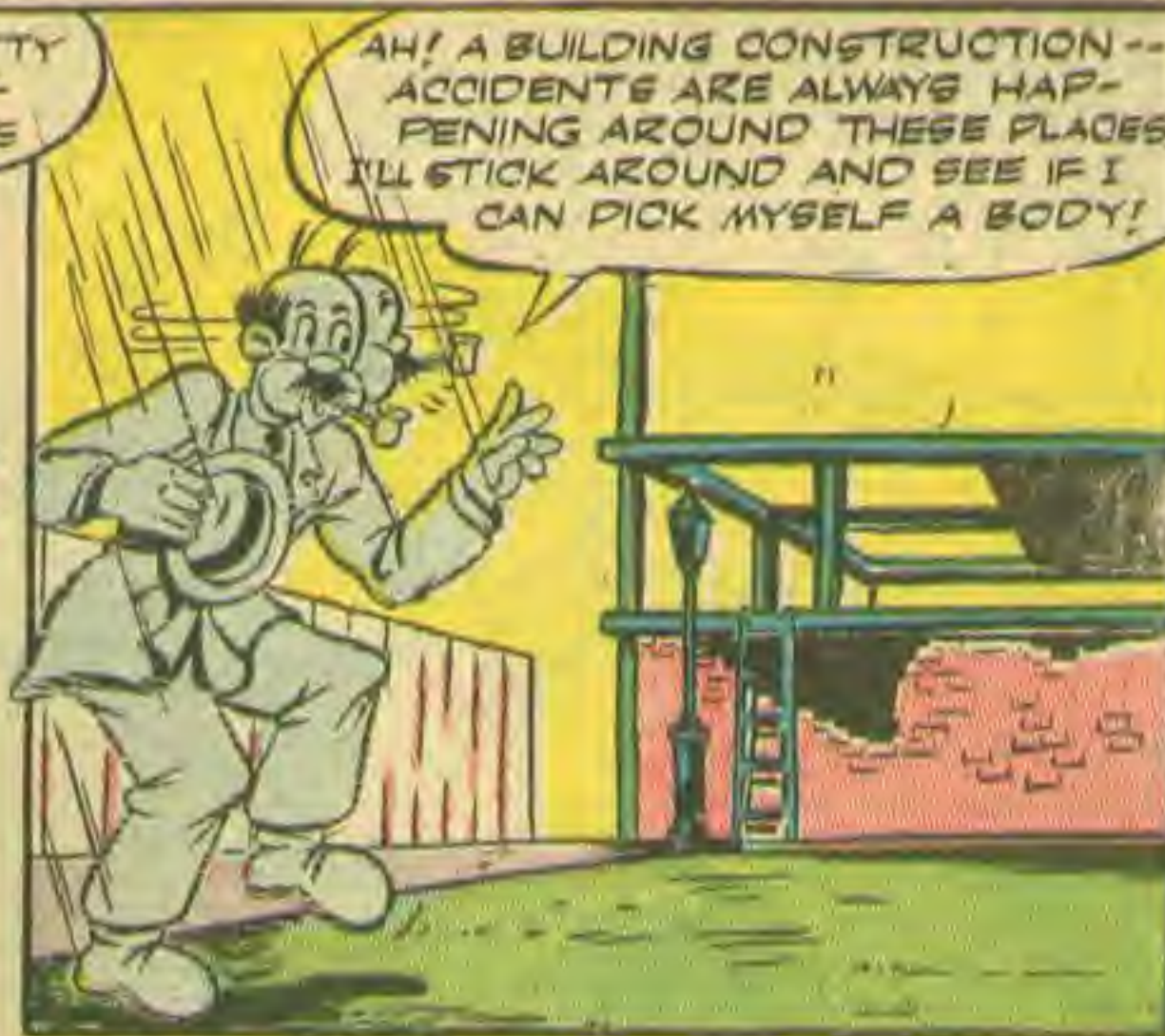
**R.I.P.** SHED A TEAR FOR GLOOMY GUS! HE DIED BEFORE HIS TIME WAS UP! TILL ST. PETE FINDS A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY-- GUS'LL BE A GHOST THAT'S HOMELESS AND GLOOMY!







THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY BIG CITY-- THE PICKINGS SHOULD BE PRETTY GOOD!



AH! A BUILDING CONSTRUCTION-- ACCIDENTS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING AROUND THESE PLACES. I'LL STICK AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN PICK MYSELF A BODY!



AH--THERE'S A GUY WHO LOOKS NICE AND CARELESS!

INCOME TAXES PRETTY HEAVY-- MIGHT BE ABLE TO PAY 'EM IF I WORK 24 HOURS TODAY!



FIGURING OUT HIS INCOME TAX ON THE 45th FLOOR! YEP HE'S MY MAN



THERE HE GOES!

OOOO--I'M S---S--- SLIPPING!



WOW! LUCKY CHARLIE'S LUCK RAN OUT ON HIM AT LAST! HE'S A GONER THIS TIME!



LUCKY CHARLIE THEY CALLED HIM! I'M IN THE CHIPS THIS TIME!



SUDDENLY!

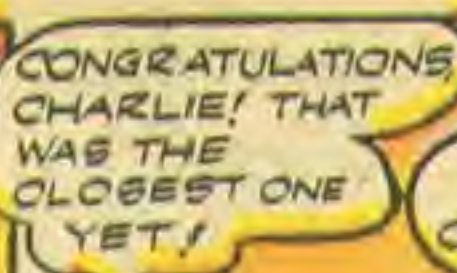
WHAT'S THIS?





YEEOWW---  
LUCKY CHARLIE  
DID IT AGAIN!

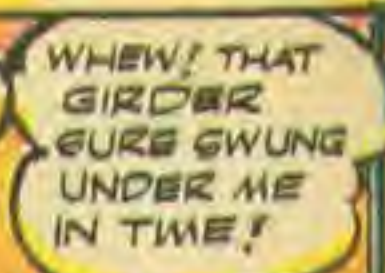
WITH HIS LUCK  
HE'LL LIVE TO  
BE A THOU-  
SAND!



CONGRATULATIONS,  
CHARLIE! THAT  
WAS THE  
CLOSEST ONE  
YET!



WHEN'S  
YER NEXT  
CRAP  
GAME,  
CHARLIE?



WHEW! THAT  
GIRDER  
SURE SWUNG  
UNDER ME  
IN TIME!



HMPHI



JUST A COINCIDENCE! NO  
SENSE IN ME GETTING  
DISCOURAGED-- HE'S  
BOUND TO SLIP  
UP SOONER OR  
LATER!



OBOY!-- THE DOPE IS  
WALKING TOWARD AN  
ELEVATOR SHAFT!  
NOTHING CAN SAVE  
HIM THIS TIME!



HELP!



YAHOO--I  
GOT ME A  
BODY AT  
LAST!



HOLY SMOKES!  
POOR CHARLIE!  
HE'LL NEVER  
GET OUT OF  
THIS ALIVE!

STILL  
HAVEN'T  
HEARD  
HIM  
CRASH!



WELL I'LL  
BE! ONLY  
THIS COULD  
HAPPEN TO  
LUCKY CHARLIE!



YEAH! HE FELL  
DOWN THE SHAFT  
BUT THE ELEVATOR  
WAS ONLY ONE  
FLOOR BEHIND  
HIM!



ANYTHING  
WRONG  
FELLOWS?





HE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOREVER! HE'S BOUND TO SLIP SOMETIME-- I HOPE!

AT THIS MOMENT--



BEEP! BEEP!



LUNCH-TIME! AND STILL THAT GUY'S IN ONE PIECE! OH, WELL, I'LL STICK WITH HIM! MAYBE HE'LL CHOKE OR GET INDIGESTION-- OR SOMETHING!

LET 'ER DOWN, JOE!



JEEPERS--THIS IS MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR--HE'LL BE MUTI-LATED!



SHOOO! GO AWAY! DON'T CROSS MY PATH!

CRASH!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE--I ALWAYS WAS SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT BLACK CATS! MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M LUCKY!

WHILE



GRRR--THAT LUCKY CHARLIE'S GETTING ME MAD! CAN'T ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM?

HEY--WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GUY? HE'S WALKING STRAIGHT INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC!

PROHIBITION STOP



THAT GUY IS PUSHING A GOOD THING TOO FAR! HE CAN'T GET BY ON HIS LUCK FOREVER!

ZIP ZIP



NOW WHERE DID HE GO? HE DIDN'T GET HIT, AND-- OH, OH THERE HE IS!



WONDER WHY HE'S STANDING SO STILL? HMM--MUST BE WAITING FOR A STREET CAR OR SOMETHING!

NOPE-- THAT'S THE FIFTH STREET CAR THAT'S PASSED--- AND CHARLIE HASN'T MOVED YET! WHAT'S HE UP TO ANYWAY!

WHAT'S THE USE-- I GIVE UP! I JUST DON'T UNDER- STAND!

SAY BROTHER!

LISTEN YOU'VE BEEN TAGGING ALONG ALL DAY-- WELL, IF YOU WANT HIM SO BAD, TAKE HIM! I'M SICK OF BEING CHARLIE'S SOUL!

HUH!

Y--YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN CHARLIE'S BODY ANY- MORE?

THAT'S RIGHT! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!

WITH THAT GUY'S LUCK HE'LL NEVER DIE! HE'S GOT ME ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! LOOKA THE WAY MY HAND IS SHAKIN'!

WELL, ALL RIGHT! IF YOU'RE SURE YA WANNA GIVE HIM UP!

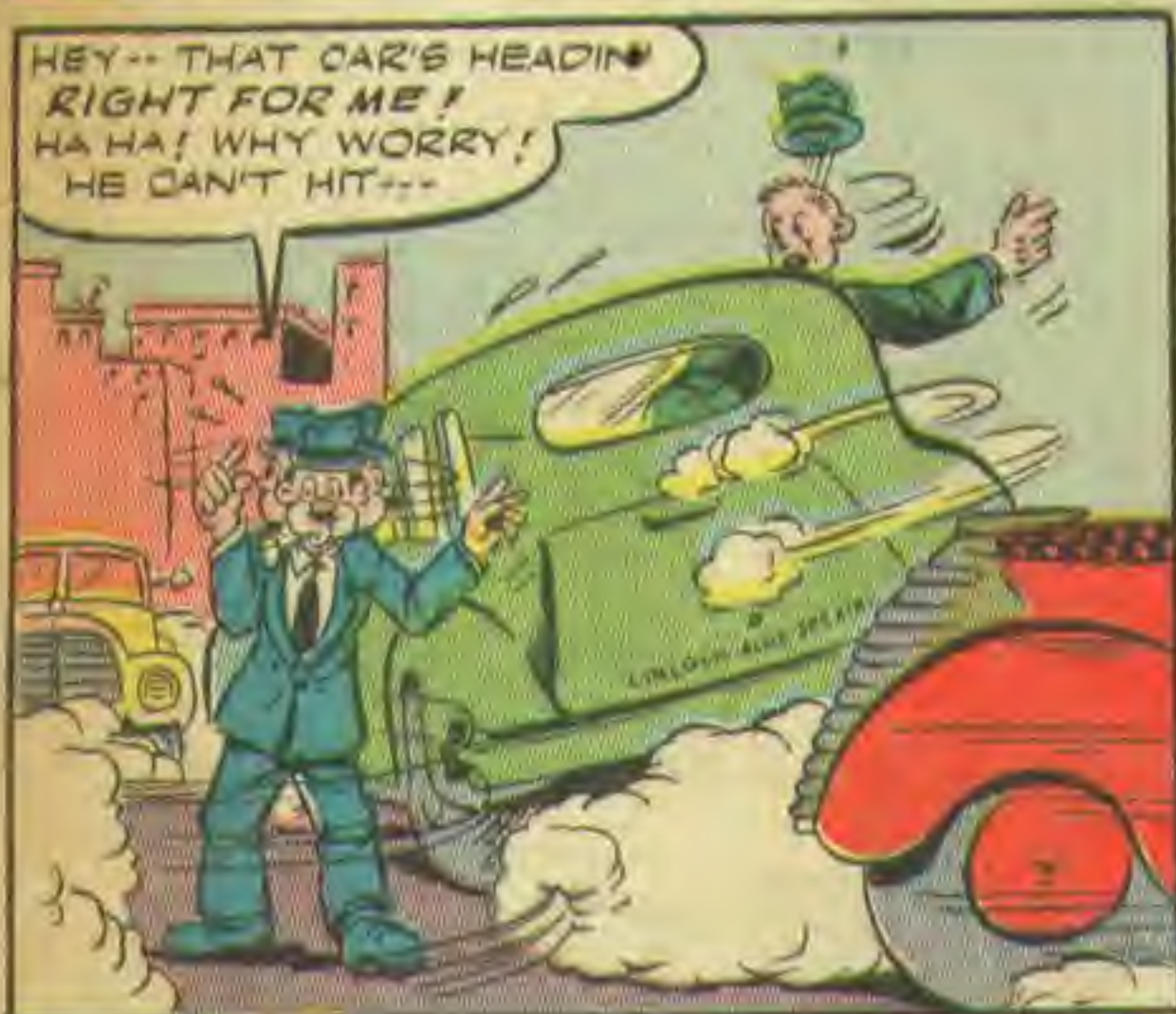
IT'S A PLEASURE! I NEED A VACA- TION-- AND I'M TAKIN' IT RIGHT NOW!

OKAY, HERE I GO S'LONG, PAL! I COULD USE A LITTLE LUCK!

UGH-- GRUNT-- KIND OF A TIGHT FIT!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL LOSE WEIGHT QUICK ENOUGH! HE WORE ME DOWN TO A FRAZZLE!







# TOP-NOTCH Laugh COMICS



presents

## DOTTY AND DITTO

with DOTTUM in

# HOLLYWOOD

FRED EYESTARE  
XAVIER CONGA  
ORSON BELLES  
VERONICA BAKE

SONJA HONEY  
THE BARX BROS.  
CECIL B. DEPILL  
KATHARINE HEARTBURN  
SCHNOZZOLA DURANTEA

PETER HOARY  
BORIS SCARLOFF  
BETTE DAVEUS  
RED SKELETON

DIRECTED BY  
**Bill WOGGON**

Special ADDED!  
ATTRACTION!  
**DOTTY CUT-OUTS**  
plus PICTURE PUZZLE



**A**S THE SCENE OPENS WE FIND CECIL B. DEPILL FRANTICALLY TRYING TO GET UNDER WAY TO MAKE OUR COWGIRL HEROINE, DOTTY, INTO ANOTHER SHIRLEY PIMPLE









YES! WE MUST KEEP ON SHOOTING! IN THIS SCENE DOTTY CHASES THE BARK BROTHERS AND CORRALS GROUCHO AND CHICO WHILE HARPO CHASES VERONICA BAKE!

**YIPPEE!**

**EKK!**

**BANG!**

UGH! PALEFACE GONNA HURTUM SQUAW WITH ONLY ONE EYE! DOTTUM FIXUM!

DOTTUM ON WAR PATH NOW -- GOTTUM FIRST HOLLYWOOD SCALP! WOO! WOO!

**YEOW!**

DOTTY! GET US OUT OF THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET!

**BZZZ**

**ZING**

THEE B. WON'T LIKE THITH!!

SO! THIS IS C.B.'S IDEA OF A CAST OF THOUSANDS, HUH? A THOUSAND HORNETS! I QUIT!!

WE GOTTA KEEP THOOTING, THO, I WILL DO THE DIRECTING -- HERE COME PETER HOARY AND BORITH THCARLOFF TO THCARE DOTTY---  
**ACTHUN! CAMERA!**  
THTART THOOTING!

**ORSON BELLES**



